

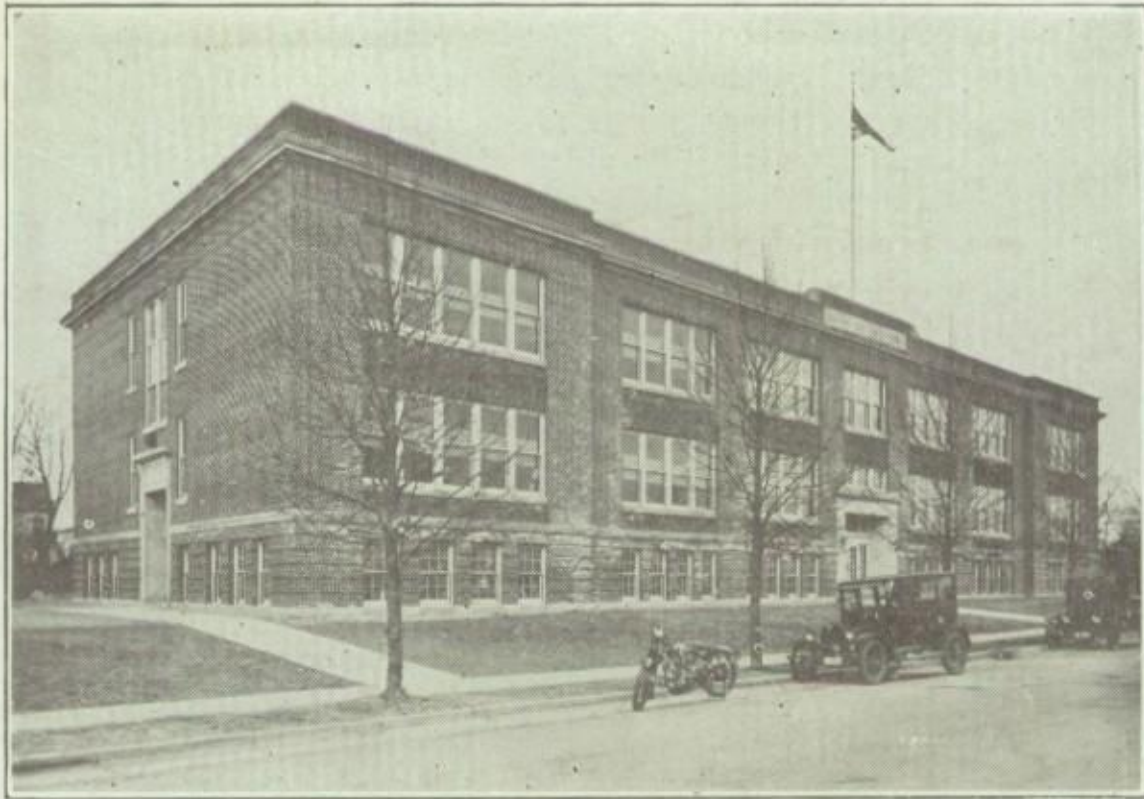
SCRAPS



June, 1928

Rye Neck High School

Mamaroneck, N. Y.



SPRING IS HERE

Well, we have with us again the season of babbling brooks and chirping chickadees. I wonder if anything new can be said on the subject? Here's an attempt.

I was walking up Tompkins Avenue hill the other evening (the far end, near Post Road,) when there came to my ears, very clearly the sound of music from one of the radio stores of the village. At the same time I could hear, distinctly, the voices of the people in a house I was passing, raised in pleasant discussion. It occurred to me that this couldn't happen on a winter evening. During winter people keep their windows pretty tightly closed, with shades drawn down, to keep out the cold. Store keepers have heavy doors installed, which quickly swing to when a customer enters, letting in as little draft as possible. During winter people go around tightly bundled up in their fur coats, with their hats pulled down over their eyes and muffs on their ears. And, sad to relate, their general social aspect is much the same, rather self-contained, and too busy with their own problems to go out of their way to greet a friend; just a little bit "icik-lish".

With the arrival of Spring all this is changed. Thick, uncompromising wood and glass are replaced by nice, breezy, open screens. The barriers that separated the people during winter are cast aside. On a spring evening a person can even sit comfortably on his own front porch, and converse with a neighbor, likewise situated on *his* porch. We are all drawn more closely together in the world of nature, breathing in the same air and listening to the same sounds.

And simultaneously with the opening of doors and windows, there takes place, it seems to me, an opening of hearts.

Maybe all this accounts for that glorious 'Spring is here' feeling, that, in the words of the popular song, makes us want to "Yip out, and yell 'Hooray'!"

—May Coakley

SCRAPS

RYE NECK HIGH SCHOOL

VOL. VI. MAMARONECK, N. Y.

JUNE, 1928 No. 3

Edited by the Senior Class

Fifty cents a copy

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EDITORIAL

June is here; Commencement will soon be here; the school year seems to be practically over; but still there is a feeling of expectancy in the air. What is the cause of this? "Scraps" is coming off the press!

We hope that the expectations of everyone will be fulfilled by this June edition of "Scraps," and we have labored continually to that end with the best of our ability. The literary endeavors of the Seniors, many of which are laudable, are presented to the public in this issue. There is included also abundant news concerning the school and student activities, the faculty and athletics.

After having been in the high school four years, the Seniors seem to have become all one family with the members of the faculty, and the school building has become a veritable home to them. The teachers have aided the students in an extremely generous manner, and the students have not hesitated to accept their assistance or advice. The varied activities of the school have helped weld the school, faculty and students into a seemingly inseparable mass.

Therefore, it is quite natural that the Seniors should feel thankfulness to the faculty, and also sorrow, upon leaving the school to search out their own way in life.

—The Editor.

THESE LAST DAYS

The long-expected days of June have come,
But we are not so sure we wish them here.
A while ago they seemed so far away,
For then we thought they never would arrive.
Reality succeeded dreams. We found
That distance makes a view more beautiful.
We never knew we liked the school so much
Nor did we guess how good the teachers were,
Till June the dire thought did bring,
That soon the ways would part to never
meet.

—Andrew Kauppi

AN EDITORIAL

Another year has ended and another Senior class is about to be graduated. No one who has not reached the end of the last year can realize the mingled feelings of joy and sorrow which one experiences. It must be true that the human mind is perverse and unable to adjust itself to circumstances which are forced upon it and not entered into willingly. What better proof of this can be offered than the example of the student—eager to leave until the time does finally come to go—then wishing he could just automatically grow small and travel right over the course once more.

—Donald Stevens

TO A MUSICIAN

You stand upon the high platform,
As far as clouds from me,
And from your inner soul perform
Wonder of melody.
But still you're not so far apart
When you can wring the listener's heart.
We hear produced in tones most true
In thrilling harmony
The things that we have long lived thru,
Joy, pain, and agony.
You play in ecstasy so real
The things that we can only feel.

—May Coakley

A FANTASY

It was in the town of Cremona, the year 1630. Nicolo Amati had become one of the brightest stars in the fiery constellation around the sun of violin-making, then at its glorious zenith. The master, in the unselfishness of his musical love, had given to Pietro, a poor young man with a talent and passion for music, one of his greatest violins.

It was an instrument with the elegance of design in curve and scroll, the fiery, glowing varnish, and the exquisite purity and delicacy of tone that belong exclusively to the Amati school. To the dark-eyed, hungry Pietro this violin was the embodiment of life, love and God. It was his only passion.

It was his fulfillment. In his bare, ugly room, he would place it lovingly to his chin and pour out his soul in melody. It alone could sympathize with him. Only when he was playing it was life worth living.

But his evil genius appeared in the guise of his step-mother Teresa. She sold the violin to a foreigner traveling thru the valley of the Po.

Pietro, separated from his only love, died of a broken heart.

Thru the years that followed, the soul of Pietro, reincarnated in many different bodies, kept up the search for its complement and fulfillment, the Amati. In various ages, in various places, the music-loving world was startled and intrigued by a dark young man, who played always on a different violin, always mysteriously, questioningly; looking for that which he found not; futilely seeking for expression where there was no sympathy.

And the Amati, thru the ages, passed from hand to hand, likewise puzzling the world of music. For, tho the experts could find no flaw, no violinist, however great, was able to draw out the depth of beauty that must lie within. So it came to be called the Enchanted Violin, waiting for the master hand that would break the spell.

But for ages the two never met.

In the beginning of the twentieth century, Pietro was born again, in Italy, to continue the task assigned to his eternal soul. By his twentieth year, his musical ability had attracted universal attention, and he was requested to give a violin solo at the San Carlo theatre of Naples. As usual, he had no special choice of an instrument. His friend and patron, Baron Rossini, promised to bring him a violin of great fame, that he had

recently purchased from a traveling Englishman.

The night of the performance came, and Rossini met Pietro backstage. The Baron had with him an old-fashioned, wooden case. Pietro opened it with his usual eager anticipation. The case had been relined in recent years, and there, against the scarlet velvet of it, lay a violin of exquisite workmanship, like a fiery, yellow tongue of flame against red embers.

Tenderly, tremblingly, Pietro lifted the violin. Passions and recollections of ages past stirred within him.

The call boy knocked at his door.

Hastily tuning, he took his position on the stage. As he placed the instrument to his chin, a thrill passed over his whole body. It was followed by a feeling of familiar comfort. He played the opening strains of Shumann's "Traumerie." The audience looked at each other with wondering faces. This was more than mere mastery of an instrument, it was absolute sympathy; the man and violin were as one. Then they ceased to look at each other, and while some watched the boy, others sat with eyes closed, transported from all the troubles of life to a land of perfect joy and peace, the peace of a task completed.

Amidst a perfect, sanctified silence, Pietro played the last delicate strains with a loving, lingering touch. Then, having expressed every remnant of the passion for which he had lived, contentedly he fell to the floor, the violin under him. They had reached the fulfillment.

Somewhere, amidst golden celestial spires, the spirit of a dark-eyed boy plays heavenly music to God and the angels, on the soul of a violin.

—May Coakley

INSEPARABLES

Willard and his compact.

Clara and her basket-ball

Ted and his genuine laugh.

"West" and Milton.

Marge and her permanent.

Eva and her sweet smile.

May and an imaginery dictionary.

John and his saxophone.

Vera and her lisp.

Charles and his Sophomores

—Mary Borel

CAMERAS

I'm not going to even try to tell how cameras are made, how they work, or anything like that because, in the first place, I don't believe I know, and, in the second place, I don't believe you care. But cameras are interesting enough when you think of the pictures they see, the different types and characteristics of people which they reveal. Who, even the most unassuming, does not try to look his best to the piercing eye of the camera? More people wear their best clothes, look their prettiest, smile their sweetest, appear as important as possible for the camera than for any state occasion.

Think of the different kinds of people the camera sees. The young girl who loves to have her picture taken, but always says that it will not turn out well. Then the young man who wants to have his taken alone or looking the jolliest of a snappy group. Then there is Papa looking important in the family group, Mama smug, complacent, probably a trifle proud, and all the lovely little tots, with different expressions, according to their age and sex—the littlest either trying to get away from the camera, or else staring at it with one eye open and one shut. But there are so many types that one could not analyze them all so I will not try.

—Ruth Clarke

WALLS

Wall, a noun; a solid inclosing fence of brick, stone, etc. The etc. is the most important phrase in the definition. Ordinary walls of brick and stone are frequently seen.

But the etc. may stand for the four walls of a happy home which may be made of wood and plaster; or, the walls of pretension, which are surrounding everybody and which though not visible to the eye, can be seen by the mind and the soul. There are many shut in by the walls of ignorance barring them from walking the broader and higher paths of life and happiness. The visible walls that mountains make can be cut through by the modern inventions, but no one has as yet found an invention to destroy forever the invisible walls.

—Mary Borel

Eva: I'm going to New Paltz Normal.
(?) I'm going to teach History.

Joseph: I'm going to Annapolis. I'm going to make History.

WINTER NIGHTS

When the fresh fallen snow throws a pale
silver light,

On the trees making silhouette shrouds,
I glance toward my friends in the palace of
night

When they're not kept at home by the clouds.
Ursa Major, the dipper, the first one I met,
Always greets me with her little bear,
They are always near home with Polaris, so
set

Who does not let them stray from their lair.
Then there's Cassiopeia, a very old friend,
I shall sit in her chair if I may,
As I talk to Andromeda, who seems to be
penned

In her move 'cross the great milky way.
Then I never could see why the Pleiades fair
Could stay so near Taurus, the bull
And Orion does not seem to notice them there
Or I'm sure his brave heart-strings would
pull.

There's the Gemini, Castor and Pollux, who
frown

When Auriga can't tell who is who,
But my, favorite, I think, is Corona, the
crown,

And Cignus the swan, I like too.

When I walk by myself and no one is
around,

I'm not lonesome when I look above,
I have friends in the sky when there's none
on the ground

They're the stars, whom I always shall love.
—Dorothy Fitch

FREE VERSE

In the deep sky there was a cloud,
A fleecy cloud yet real;

From afar it seemed bright and luring
But underneath it was dull.

Its shade was cool enough, even cold,
For there were no companions there.

Before, I had been in the sun.

The work was hard and tiresome,

But, then, my labor was lightened by the
thought

That round me toiled my friends.

A kindly word here, a helping smile there,
And the feverish heat is forgotten;

The work is made easier, lighter and more
enjoyable

All because of one's companions

But now I am alone in the shade of the
multitude.

—Willard Meyer

THE DEBTOR

Scene: Farmhouse of Mary Cass, a widow.

Time: 1840. Supper time.

Place: Illinois.

Enter Mrs. Cass, to prepare the meal. A knock at the center door.

Mrs. Cass: Come in. (Enter a tall lanky boy with deep eyes and black hair.) Mrs. C: Why Abe, what brings you here this time of night and such a long distance too! I hope nothin's wrong.

Abe: Yes, Mrs. Cass, somethin's wrong, but I've come to make it right.

Mrs. C: Surely, Abe, anything I can do. Is it a book?

Abe: (Awkwardly): No, not this time. It's about something of your's.

Mrs. C: Somethin' of mine! Whatever are you talking about? Surely you can't be meanin' the butter crock.

Abe: No, it ain't about that, either, although I'm going to return that tomorrow. It's about when you were at the store this morning.

Mrs. C: Well, for the lands sakes, speak! I can't for the life of me guess what you mean.

Abe: Well, you see when you was at the store this morning—well—well—I just happened to charge you more than the right price for the lard.

Believe me, Mrs. Cass, I didn't mean to do it. It was just a sort of mistake.

Mrs. C: Of course, Abe, don't I know you well enough by this time to know that you ain't going to cheat anybody? How much was you off on the price?

Abe: One cent. But—

Mrs. C: A penny! And you come all this way for a penny! Abe Lincoln, you oughter be spanked! The idea! Now sit down and have something to eat. The Lord save us! (Exit Mrs. Cass to kitchen. Re-enter with some bread, butter and bacon. They sit down.)

Abe: You see, Mrs. Cass, I didn't want you to think that I did that on purpose. Mr. Jenkins, he'd never forgive me.

Mrs. C: Abe—listen—You don't need to be worryin' about your reputation in this town. Everybody knows what you are and everybody trusts you. Now, you go up to Jim's room and pick out a book or two to take back with you.

(Exit Abe.)

Mrs. C: Lands! What a boy!

(Re-enter Abe.)

There! take 'em with you. No hurry about returning 'em. Jim don't know how to read 'em.

Abe: Thank you so much. I'll bring 'em back Monday. Good-bye. (At door.)

Mrs. C: What did you take, Abe?

Abe: (Speaking at doorway): "A Thesis on the Criminal Law of Modern England" and "An Examination of the Political Government of The United States." Good night. (Exit.)

Mrs. C: That boy will make his way, mark my words!

The End.

—Donald Stevens

A STORM

Don't you love to sit and watch a storm—
The driving sleet, the slowly twirling snow—
When all your friends, if old or new, you
know

Are under shelter, dry, protected, warm?
The world seems different I think after the
snow

Has covered the earth with a blanket of
white,

Which shines in the light of the moon and
makes day out of night,

While the vales become hills made of drifts
by the winds which blow.

If you don't stop to think of the ships out at
sea or the planes

Which have to fly in weather fair or foul,
Or, in time of war, of soldiers fighting,
dreaming

Of a cozy chair, by a warm, cheery fire be-
hind panes

Through which one sees the snow and hears
the winds which howl,

Don't you love to sit and watch the snow
fall, gleaming?

—Ruth Clarke

SUNSET

The sun is slowly sinking in the west
Casting shadows o'er the calm blue sea,
The lofty clouds of purple, pink and blue,
Are changing now to dark and somber hues
As the day fades into the darkness of the
night.

—Clara Wendel

NATURE'S GUIDE-POSTS

I suppose you have all seen a car full of tourists stopped before a maze of signposts, consulting road maps and signs, trying to decipher their message. I should like to see those people when they reach their destination, which is so often the big woods. Can't you just see them—after a day of rambling in the woods, when night begins to fall—panic stricken creatures stampeding around, fainting, and performing other civilized antics? Why. I can almost hear a puffing lady lament the fact that there are no sign-posts or lights. Oh, if she only knew, but I guess few do, that the woods are just as full of guide-posts as any city—if one knows where to look. It isn't a science, set aside by itself, to be able to find ones self in the woods. It just requires the knowledge of a few facts.

Perhaps the most outstanding guide-post is the sun. Everyone knows where the sun rises, and where it sets; therefore with just the knowledge of whether the time is morning or afternoon, one can easily tell in which direction he is going.

If one doesn't know how to locate the sun on a cloudy day, or is in the midst of a down-pour, a glance at the bark of several trees will impart the desirable information. Real moss, not the heavy fungus type, grows on the trunks of trees, on the side where there is the most moisture. Now, the north side of the tree has the least chance for the sun's rays to evaporate its moisture; therefore, moss is usually found on the north side of a tree. Don't select *one* tree—particularly if it is inclined, or prostrate, or if it is protected from the weather—to tell you the secret. Pick out erect trees, more than one, and the majority will have the moss on the north side.

If you are not yet satisfied, and there are pines or hemlocks near, as a rule, the feathery tuft, on the very top of the tree will point to the east, toward the rising sun; or if there is a stump near by, where a fairly old tree has been sawed off, look at the annual rings. On the north side the rings will be thicker. You see Mother Nature has provided for the tree's protection, and has made the bark thicker on the north side. The center of the tree, therefore, will be nearer the south edge than the north.

You can find most of these signs at night

without a great deal of trouble, but if the stars are out, look for the Big Dipper, and follow the line of the two stars in the end of the bowl, the pointers—and they will point to the North Star, which of course indicates North.

It's all very interesting to know these hundreds of little facts about the woods. There are many that the Indians have taught us, and still more that have been lost with the Vanishing American. If those city tourists and campers would at least pick up a book or an article regarding the woods, they would be saved many a panic when they get into the woods, and without any effort on their part.

—Dorothy Fitch

A PROVERB

Of the many wise sayings that come to my mind, I think that one of Benjamin Franklin's may best be applied to the success of the individual. He said, "Diligence is the mother of good luck."

How often one hears the remark—the almost envious remark—"What wonderful luck that person must have!" "That person" has probably succeeded in something in something, seemingly without exertion on his part. But is this last true? I doubt it.

Almost without exception, this "good luck" has been attained after tireless efforts. To the unsuccessful part of the world, the successful man seems to possess some uncanny influence over things. Because of this wrong impression, these people remain unsuccessful. "Why should we exert ourselves when the 'fates' are working against us?" is their thought.

If one thinks that way; if he expects things just to happen; of course he will not succeed—for good luck is undoubtedly backed by diligence.

—Hazel Coakley

THESE LAST DAYS

The last few days of school have come.
To me it seems a shame
To think we have to leave so soon
To go and seek our fame.
The days, so short, behind us fly
So hurried, it seems, are we
But we'll work and work for Rye Neck High
To show our loyalty.

—Clara K. Wendel

HOW TO BRING ABOUT PEACE

The United States is looked upon as a world power and as an aggressor nation because of her size and prosperity. Because of this many of the less significant countries are filled with awe and in many cases, fear. There are many ways in which to put the fears to rest and to produce harmony in feeling. Peace is the result of wars, treaties, arbitration and conference, but which is the most satisfactory method to pursue?

A frank bid for friendship and confidence is accomplished by means of conferences held from time to time in the various countries and extending to every nation. These meetings place all on equal footing and give the small countries the feeling of being on a level with their larger neighbors instead of instilling in their minds the sense of inferiority and weakness. In producing this friendly relation, the weaker are assured of protection and many unfounded suspicions, which would inevitably lead to war, are banished.

—Eva Wenzel

Can peace ever be attained permanently? The question is asked by many. It is answered only by a few. Those who jump at conclusions; those who are so inflamed with their own zeal as not to see the impossibilities of their plans; and those who do not thoroughly acquaint themselves with surrounding conditions are apt to be the ones that would answer this question.

Peace is a wonderful thing, but unless all people are willing to give up their claims once in a while we shall always have petty strife which is apt to lead to greater trouble. There are always some unwilling for some reason or other to do this, and as a result we cannot expect to have uninterrupted peace in the world of today. It is possible to avoid great conflicts and catastrophies by careful management and diplomacy as has been done, but the petty quarrels and small wars and uprisings can hardly be prevented.

When all people think the same and look with the same understanding on their worlds, then we may expect international and popular harmony. But this is Utopia, not this world. So, we must content ourselves with doing the best we can, striving to attain this end thru future generations. We can keep the subject active and alive in the minds of the people, but we cannot attain our end immediately as some of us expect.

PEACE

All efforts to secure international peace through treaties and alliances must fail. There is no other alternative. As a word, "Peace," is a short expression for the phrase, "Peace of Mind." You tell me; how can any nation have peace of mind, as it were, after it has engaged in a bloody struggle with its own brother—a struggle that claims its toll not only in mercenary value, but one that has cost the lives of thousands.

No, it is impossible, for the conquered is like a deadly serpent, who abides his time before he strikes, and the conqueror is like an armed man towering over the serpent, yet not daring to move. You say that the hornet has flown—true, but the sting remains. Father Time alone with his misty veil of "Forgotten Ages," can restore the peace that once existed between the two nations. And, furthermore, it is absolutely impossible for friendly relations to be brought about any sooner by any such ridiculous treaties; as those of outlawing war, naval disarmament, and all the rest of these petty alliances, which are made only to be broken, and when broken, by one or another, cause jealousy, and the struggle ensues.

—Milton Glatzl

If the countries involved really desire peace, an intermingling of the peoples will help.

—Michael Auleta

Each nation should encourage any institution which has for its purpose, justice, confidence, good-will and peace of the world.

—Robert Montgomery

If the nations involved are truly sincere, a treaty may be gained that is satisfactory to all concerned without the loss of lives that marks each war.

—T. F. Goldman

There is but one way to secure peace. That is by arbitration. Why can't the heads of the disagreeing nations sit down together and talk over their clashing points? A compromise could probably be reached, and the great toll of lives, the enormous cost of a war would be avoided.

—Hazel Coakley

PEACE

For centuries the cry of nations has been "Peace!" Plans, resolutions, and treaties have been made and adopted, only to be broken. Just at present many policies are being urged for international peace. But as President Coolidge states: "There is no short cut to peace any more than there is a short cut to any other sort of salvation."

In the present Congress, plans have been urged toward making the dream of eternal peace come true. The one that evokes the greatest interest is the Capper resolution. This peace plan is framed very much along the line of the proposal to outlaw war made to this country last April by the Foreign Minister Briand of France. But it is more definite in its terms. He calls upon Congress to go on record as renouncing war and favoring arbitration. It suggests a means for extending a treaty with France to all "like-minded nations." As reviewed by some papers it is wondered that if this plan should be adopted, many people will not remain unconvinced that much progress has been made toward permanent peace.

—Mary Borel

THOSE WHO HAVE GONE BEFORE

The most influential country of the world has set aside a day to the memory of those who sacrificed their lives that all men should be free and equal. Should not this be an incentive for us to remove any possibility of another such conflict as that which took place ten years ago? To be sure, we should honor the dead, and remember the trust they left us.

But when we do remember these men, let us not think of war, but rather of peace. It is true that they fought, and fought well, yet they fought that they might secure peace and freedom, the heritage of our race. Their trust must not and shall not be betrayed. All our efforts should be toward securing permanent peace among mankind. Let us not glory alone in what they did but in what they fought for. Victory for the sake of victory is shallow, but victory which realizes the upholding of our principles and ideals is a victory worthy of our boys who lost their lives over there. Let us celebrate, therefore, from the depths of our hearts, this day, set aside in honor of those who have gone before.

—Willard Meyer

A "CHEVAL"—ROUS STORY

It was my first time on a horse
And I thrilled beyond words—
It all seemed so perfectly simple
When I swung my leg to the stirrup.
My steed ambled along slowly,
There was nothing hard about riding,
And I wondered at the wary glances
Which were cast at me by my friends.
The horse knew I couldn't ride him
And he began to trot—for mischief!
I expected nothing like that, quite,
And I became quite alarmed.
I grabbed the saddle before me
I'm sure it helped a little—
But the horse always came up as I came
down
And we met half way!
Today I don't feel as fit as I ought to,
My bones somehow feel a little stiff.
But—if I ever find the opportunity—
—I shall do it again!

—Dorothy Fitch

A WINTER NIGHT

I wonder if you have
Ever gazed at the sky on a winter's night—
The cold, clear beams floating down
Casting a silver gleam over the snow.
I wonder if you have
Ever watched the stars twinkle—
The shutters of heaven
Opening and closing thru the night.
I wonder if you have ever walked
On a sandy beach at night
And watched the light from a cold moon
Shimmering over the rippling water.
I wonder if you like
To see these things
On a winter night
As I do.

—Donald Stevens

THE SETTING SUN

Softly my canoe glided down the stream
While I gazed at the landscape far and near
I beheld a sight lovely as a dream.
'Twas the golden sun setting behind the hills
Casting his radiant beams upon the waters
clear.
Sparkling brightly were the rippling rills.
Slowly the sun nodded and slipped away
Behind the mountains and the hills.
Then twilight with her shades bade farewell
to day.

Helen Truesdell

The Seniors

Michael Auleta—"Mike"

"Clever men are good, but they are not the best."

Business Manager June edition "SCRAPS."

Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28.

Secretary Junior Class

Baseball '24, '25, '26.

Captain Football '25, '26, '27.

Vice President Boys' A. A.

Appreciates a joke, care-free.

Margaret Benedum—"Marge"

"Maid of Athens ere we part,

Give, oh give me back my heart."

Treasurer Girls' A. A. '26.

Committee of Music '28.

Jolly, good student.

Mary Borel—"Babe"

"Patience is a necessary ingredient of genius."

Accompanist Girls' Chorus.

Temperamental.

Joseph Carroll—"Joe"

"But I loved the sea, more and more."

Vice President Junior Class.

Captain Basket Ball team '27, '28.

Business Manager-Senior Plays.

A good mixer, calm.

Hazel Coakley—"Pat"

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone or despise."

Treasurer Junior Class.

Vice President Senior Class.

Diligent, fun-loving.

May Coakley—"Nehi"

"Look then, into thine heart, and write."

Orchestra '25, '26, '27 '28.

Marked literary and poetic ability.

Assistant Editor.

Natalie Cooper—"Nat"

But, oh ye lords and ladies intellectual, inform us truly."

Faithful, individual, personality.

Anna F. Curtin—"Roddy"

"So careful of the type she seems."

Typist "SCRAPS" April '28.

Associate Editor "SCRAPS" June '28.

Possessing a choice vocabulary.

To rhyme is easy.

Ruth Clarke—"Rufus"

"Goodness doesn't consist in greatness, but greatness in goodness."

Demure, faithful.

Has never failed an examination.

Dorothy Fitch—"Mickey"

"I am a part of all that I have met."

Basketball '26.

Associate Editor "SCRAPS" June '28.

Clever, witty, original.

Milton Glatzl—"Slovsky"

"A thought is often original though you have uttered it thousand times."

Orchestra '27 '28.

Determined, fun-loving.

Business Manager, SCRAPS June 1928.

Theodore Goldmann—"Ted"

"One vast substantial smile."

Treasurer Senior Class.

Secretary Boy' A. A. '28.

Irrepressible, happy-go-lucky.

Ruth Gunn—"Gunny"

"This is so sudden."

Basketball '24, '25, '26, '27, '28.

Captain Basketball '28.

Typist "SCRAPS" February and June editions."

Marion Hains—"Beany"

"It's always a blonde."

Vice President Girls' A. A. '27, '28.

Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28.

Typist February edition "SCRAPS"

Camille Houpert—"Frenchy"

"A few can touch the magic string."

Orchestra '25, '26, '27, '28.

Cautious.

Andrew Kauppi—"Andy"

"Silence is deep as Eternity"

Editor "SCRAPS" June '28

Deep thinker, serene.

John Landsiedel—"Apple"

"Can we ever have too much of a good thing?"

Baseball '28.

Humorous, irrepressible.

Vera Leppert—"Megs"

"As false and fleeting as 'tis fair."

Treasurer Girls A. A.

Typist April edition "SCRAPS"

Snappy.

Helen Malinowski—"Gerry"

"Never leave a stone unturned"

Faithful, good student, irrepressible.

Violette Martin—"Bubbles"

"When pain and anguish wring the brow,

A ministering angel thou."

Associate editor June '28 SCRAPS"

Patient, faithful, co-operative.

Mary Moore—"Sonya"
"The clear, sweet singer with a crown of gold."
 Business Manager April Edition "SCRAPS"
 Happy-go-lucky, general ability.

Willard Meyer—"Willie."
"Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry."
 Manager baseball, football teams '27, '28.
 Accompanist Orchestra '26, '27, '28.
 President Senior Class.
 Editor-in-chief February edition "SCRAPS"

Frank Nameczy—
"Nature fits all her children with something to do."
 Stage manager-Senior Plays.
 Advertising Committee-Posters.
 Artistic ability, faithful, co-operative, ir-repressible.

Robert Montgomery—"Monty"
"Practice yourself, for Heaven's sake, in little things, and thence proceed to greater."
 Football '27, '28.
 Baseball '27, '28.
 Cheer leader Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28.
 Happy-go-lucky.

Jeanette Robinson—"Robby"
"Hitch your wagon to a star."
 Baseball '28.
 Faithful, serene, cheerful.

Charles Silleck—"Shiek"
"Twelve years ago I was a boy."
 Jolly, generous.

Donald Stevens—"Don"
"A mother's pride, a father's joy."
 Business Manager February edition "SCRAPS"
 Contributing editor June edition "SCRAPS"

Walter Hampton, Jr.
 Gifted, obliging.

Jean Tiffin—"Tiny."
"A violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye."
 Serene, diligent, faithful.

Helen Truesdell—"Speedy."
"Better late than never."
 Absent-minded, humorous.

Clara Wendel—"Pee-Wee"
"Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal."
 President Girls' A. A. '27, '27. President Girls' A. A. '26, '27.
 Vice President Girls' A. A. '25, '26.
 Sport Editor "SCRAPS" February edition

Basketball '25, '26, '27, '28.
 Athletic, industrious.

Eva Wanzel—"Little Eve," Pretzl.
"Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers."
 Secretary Senior Class.
 President Junior Class.
 Assistant Editor-first edition of "SCRAPS."
 Secretary of Girls A. A. Association '27, '28.
 Steadfast, cheerful.

ESSAY TITLES

Michael Auleta "Street Lamps"
 Margaret Benedum
 "The Romance of Music"
 Mary Borel "Facts do not Change"
 Joseph Carroll "Merchant Marine"
 Ruth Clarke "Light"
 Hazel Coakley "Buried Treasure"
 May Coakley "On with the Show"
 Natalie R. Cooper
 "The Measure of Success"
 Anna F. Curtin "They Kept Faith"
 Dorothy Fitch "Nature's Guideposts"
 Milton Glatzl "Our Debt to Science"
 Theodore Goldmann .. "Presidential Timber"
 Ruth Gunn
 "Disregard of Racial Differences in the United States"
 Marion Hains "Mirrors"
 Camille Houpert
 "The Value of French Writers"
 John Landsiedel .. "Pan American Unions"
 Vera Leppert
 "Youth and the Open Door"
 Helen Malinowski
 "America's Aloofness Unmodified"
 Violet Martin
 "The Highways of New York State"
 Willard Meyer "Harmony"
 Robert Montgomery "Amateur Sports"
 Mary Moore
 "Europe's Obligations to the U. S."
 Frank Nameczy "Success"
 Jeanette Robinson
 "The New Renaissance"
 Charles Silleck "Inventions"
 Donald Stevens "The Modern Drama"
 Jean Tiffin "Literary Lights"
 Helen Truesdell
 "The World's Debt to its Great Artists"
 Clara Wendel .. "The Almighty Dollar"
 Eva Wenzel "The Politeness of Kings"
 Andrew Kauppi
 "The Disadvantages of the Automobile"

THE MYSTERY MAN FROM INDIA

If I went to the show this evening
And what I saw enchanted me.
Hamid Bey intrigued me.
To see the man
In his flowing Hindoo garments,
His straight Egyptian features,
His great, impossibly great, dark eyes
That had in them the powers of fascination,
The powers of hypnotism;
To see him perform wonders before my
astounded eyes;
To know he had control over the flesh by the
mind
To the nth degree.
(And all the while the facinating, mystifying
spell
Of (Oriental music.)
This man had absolute control over flesh and
blood
By the power of concentration;
And every day was buried alive,
And emerged perfect again,
To the wonder of scientists and of doctors.
My soul fretted to see this man
Emerge from ignorant India
With the secret of the control
Of all bodily functions, all bodily pain
In his wonderful mind.
I wondered, since this was so
Why should the rest of us have to suffer
The ignominies of bodily affliction.
And I asked myself,
"Is it all worth while? Is it right?"
I was lost in a maze of doubt.
Then came the answer, a glorious ray of
light,
A ray of understanding.
For, I asked myself, "What can this man
Know of the joy of comfort in sickness?
Of the balm of a healed wound?
Can he afford to take time from his daily
training
His daily showing of his marvelous training,
To stop and ponder over the enchantment of
a glowing rose,
To pause and drink in the glory of the set-
ting sun,
To play a few minutes with a child?
Or can he, in any way, be compared
With the greatest Wonder of all the ages,
Of all the nations,
Who, nailed to the cross of torture,
Was able to submit to both the agony of the
flesh

And the anguish of the mind,
For the glory of the soul!"
And I knew I had found my answer.

—May Coakley

RENDEZVOUS

Afraid to die?
Don't make me laugh!
I have a rendezvous
With lots of folks, and lots of things,
After I am dead.
I shall walk with Shakespeare,
And learn the secret of his greatness.
I shall talk with Washington,
And learn the truth of his fame.
And all the great, who were also good
I shall converse with.
I shall listen to music,
Perfect music, of a celestial purity
That is never heard on earth
And never will be heard here.
And, best of all, I shall roam
Over vast forests, and thru sweet gardens
And gaze on a magnificence and a beauty
That is of another world.
I shall enter, enthralled,
Golden palaces, with gates of pearl.
Wonders of perfection shall meet my eyes.
I shall breathe in air as light and as clean as
a spirit.
(All this, of course, is if I am good)
And if you are good, Kismet,
You can come with me!
Afraid to die?
Don't make me laugh.
I'm looking forward to it! —May Coakley

AMONGST THE CLOUDS

If I could always gaze into the sky
And dream the dreams I hope to know some
day,
Or watch the sun sink drowsily away;
If fleecy clouds could keep on floating by,
Or if to form my future they would try,
The greatest happiness would then be mine.
Perhaps the clouds would form themselves
in line
To picture this—as dreamily I sigh—
A mansion high, with turrets up above—
A rivulet that, winding, goes around
Among the beauteous flowers that I love,
That raise their fragrant forms up from the
ground.
By friendly winds the willow tree is blown;
And there the seeds of happiness are sown.
—Hazel Coakley

THE ORIENTAL GIFT

It was a cold night. In fact it was a colder night than Sir John Lawton had ever experienced. Also Sir John had a dinner engagement with his excellence Rhasa Kemmel of Afghanistan. These two facts united to make the usual calm and even tempered Sir John just a little bit disgruntled. However, it had to be done, and while he donned his heavy overcoat and muffler, he told his valet to call for the car.

Promptly at seven o'clock, Sir John joined Rhasa Kemmel in the lobby of the Savoy and together they made their way to the dining room, which was already filled with dancers. The Oriental noble had reserved a table in a secluded corner, and to the unexpressable relief of Sir John, there were no other guests.

After they had ordered, the Oriental asked a question which struck Sir John as rather odd. He replied to his questioner, "Why, no—I can't remember that there have been any disappointments in my life which I can really say have changed the course of it to a very great degree—except one—and that one I would rather not talk about." Having said this the Englishman relapsed into a long silence.

After a time the Oriental spoke, "In return for this great service which you have rendered me out of the goodness of your heart, and for which I can never really express true and sufficient thanks—in return for this service—I ask you to accept this little token." Whereupon he placed in Sir John's hand a small packet which did not look as if it could contain a gift of any value. He accepted this and automatically uttered a "thank you" which was not heard amid the music and conversation, it was spoken in so low a voice.

Upon arriving home, he sat before the fireplace, thinking, when he suddenly remembered the Oriental gift. He drew it from his pocket, opened it and read the following notice: CAST THIS POWDER UPON THE FIRE AND THINK OF THE GREATEST DISAPPOINTMENT OF YOUR LIFE WHICH YOU WOULD HAVE OVERCOME—IF ONLY FOR ONE HOUR.

It was some time before the full meaning of these words was grasped by him. Then he remembered his friend's nationality and recognized this gift as a charm of some sort which the Oriental probably regarded as

sacred and therefore bestowed upon his benefactor.

Any how why shouldn't he try it and see what happens? Thereupon he threw the powder into the glowing coals. It blazed with a purple glare and the Englishman saw for a minute before he closed his eyes, the smiling image of the Oriental.

One after another, events took place before his eyes, overcoming him with their swiftness and meaning. Now here now there, in the short space of one hour he had completely relived the last twenty-five years and the paths thru which he had been led and the misfortunes which he had encountered, fully decided him that, after all, every thing had happened for the best.

Another week slipped by and again the two met in the Savoy lobby. This time there was no hesitation on the part of Sir John, although London on this particular evening was covered with icy, frigid fog. After the meal had been ordered, the Englishman spoke to the Oriental, "My friend, you have done something for me for which I can never thank you sufficiently. You have shown me that my life is better as it is, than it ever could have been, had things turned out differently twenty-five years ago.

And the Oriental smiled.

—Donald Stevens

ODE TO A VIOLIN

By MILTON GLATZEL

Sweet instrument of sight and sound,
Wrapped in thy velvet bed,
No more thy silver strings resound
Mute, mute are they as dead.
In retrospect the heart recalls
Fair scenes that used to be,
When a master's arm embraced
And held thee tenderly
And thou responsive to the touch
Of gem-set slender bow,
Guided by fingers quick and sure
Would set all hearts aglow.
But rest on; oh relic of old!
For he who held thee dear
And touched thy strings so masterly,
Is now no longer here.

The truth is always the strongest argument.

—Sophocles

PRESIDENT TIMBER

The ideal president ought to have the good of the United States always in mind. He should not be a partisan when he appoints men to office—their qualities and abilities in the right direction should be the prime reason for his choice. His moral standing should be of the highest, for he is an example to all his people.

—Hazel Coakley

* * * *

We are soon to elect a president. Let us choose the right kind of man for the position.

To govern a nation as large and as composite as ours, we must have a man at the head who understands the varied conditions of affairs in America. He must be wise enough and "Big" enough to be a fitting representative of our nation in the eyes of the world. His character and reputation must be spotless, his conduct irreproachable, and his manhood unquestionable before he is fit to represent the United States. In short, he must have all the characteristics which we, as a nation, strive for and boast of.

—Willard Meyer

* * * *

A presidential nominee should be a man well informed of all conditions prevailing in the country both past and present, and he should express broad-minded principles in his platform, and show that he is not a man ruled by his party.

—Mary Moore

* * * *

No candidate who has all the fine qualities and characteristics which are always looked for in a man, but still lacks the ability to think clearly and to manage with a firm and intelligent hand, should be chosen.

—Donald Stevens

* * * *

He should be fearless and far removed from any corruption. His character and behavior should be irreproachable. A man who is out of the reach of political bosses and machines is the best presidential timber.

—Violet Martin

* * * *

The first thing which should be considered is the candidate's previous career. Ask yourself if he has done things to benefit the public or if he has been led by political bosses.

—John Landsiedel

His fitness for the office should be determined largely by his capability in diplomatic affairs.

Candidates for the presidency should be men of high ideals. They should be broad-minded enough to accept our Constitution with its amendments as final, something which cannot be altered or removed to satisfy personal opinion. If they have had previous governmental position, it will be to their advantage, for they will have a clear conception of the needs of the country and will be enabled to do the greatest good for the greatest number.

—Eva Wenzel

* * * *

A man with presidential aspirations must have several outstanding characteristics. Most important of all is honesty. Can you imagine a country with our prestige and wealth with a crooked man to guide us? Then he must be fearless—be willing to express his views on the most important issues. He must be a man who will enforce all laws regardless of his own personal opinion and who is as nearly unpartisan as possible. If he has the latter quality, he will have both parties represented in his cabinet and so he will have unbiased views on all important issues.

—T. F. Goldmann

* * * *

An American citizen, who is trying to gain the nomination of his party, to be the model for all the others of the nation to pattern after. That any man so running should be well educated, broadminded and intellectual goes without any discussion. A candidate should be one who is well versed in national and international affairs, a man whom others will respect, a man of dignity so that other nations will respect him. And of course our candidate must be an apt student of the English language, one who does not use the common ordinary slang language of today.

—Robert Montgomery

* * * *

This dignified office demands a man of sterling worth and a man who is man enough to represent the American people and not the political bosses.

Our presidents have come from different social classes. This is well, for it has resulted in the harmonious blending of American ideals.

—Milton Glatzel

A man capable of holding the highest position in the United States should have the best qualities. Experience in politics and also in a government position should be his. He should have a strong will power so that he may do what he thinks is right. Last but not least his love for his country should come before all things.

—Michael Auletta

* * * *

The highest office in the government of our nation should be held by the man with enough determination to branch out from his conservative party principles if the time should require it. Only a man respected by other nations should rule our nation.

—Mary Borel

* * * *

We want a candidate who can handle the present issues efficiently and sanely. With such great questions as prohibition, flood and farm relief at hand, he must be thoroughly acquainted with these matters. Increased tonnage for naval vessels must be coped with with respect to the resources and finances of the country.

—Jeanette Robinson

* * * *

He should be one who will uphold the ideals of the nation and thus gain the respect of his countrymen as well as that of the world.

—Marion Hains

* * * *

He should be the type of man that will gain the respect not only of our own people, but that of foreign nations.

—Ruth Gunn

A BIRD IN THE HAND IS WORTH TWO IN THE BUSH

How much truth lies in the proverb, "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush." It is applicable in numerous cases too. For instance, the man who actually owns a little Ford is satisfied with it, while his enviable friend boasts of the good looking Buick he's going to have next year. The contented owner of the Ford is still running it when the next year comes around, while the would-be Buick owner is still thinking about getting one.

Won't you agree with me that even if the Buick is the better of the two, yet the Ford surpasses it, for it's "the bird in the hand?"

—Marion Hains

JOSEPH ARCHIBALD

Joseph Archibald was now a rich man. He had just sold an 1898 Ford Limousine for \$100. The possibility of such a sale will not be discussed in this story.

He decided immediately to deposit the money in the bank. Carefully dressing himself, he set out as a man of importance would.

It was a very windy day and Mr. Archibald realized this only after a game of tag with his precious derby. Once he looked for his hundred dollar note. He did not find it. He hurriedly searched his clothes, but to no avail. He glanced up and saw an orange paper fluttering in the breeze some distance away. He jumped at the conclusion that it must be his note and he once more laid the blame to the wind.

He began the chase. Mr. Archibald, with his robust build, was, however, competing with a force which he had not hitherto realized.

The note flew ahead, sometimes near the ground, sometimes high. It was headed for the dock. The ferry was just preparing to leave. At the last minute the note arrived and was taken on board by his friend the "Northeast." Mr. Archibald pulled up just too late, but nevertheless, he made a daring leap. He missed. He was in the water. The ferry stopped. Mr. Archibald was picked up. The first thing he went for was a piece of orange paper in one corner. He picked it up. Instead of a number in each corner, he found written through the center the word "Sunkist." The note was an orange wrapper.

Mr. Archibald almost collapsed, but he somehow managed to control himself and started for home. On arriving there, he found his hundred dollar note carefully folded in his dresser.

—Milton Glatzl

ACCORDING TO THE JUNIORS

Teacher—At the close of the World War why was France eager to regain Alsace-Lorraine?

Junior—Alsace-Lorraine had been such an excellent port in years gone by that France wished to recover it.

Teacher—Locate Schleswig-Holstein

Junior — Schleswig-Holstein is situated south of Germany on the Baltic Sea.

—Camille Houpert

CLASS NIGHT

PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

It is my privilege to speak this evening in the name of the Senior Class of '28. After four years of work, we have come to the end of our term with the best of feelings towards all.

Although we have not been in close contact with the Board of Education, we have felt their presence and interest in our work. They have supplied our needs. We thank them.

We also thank Mr. Bellows and the members of the faculty for their patience, indulgence and interest in our welfare during the past four years. Their word and help have been unfailing, and, as a result, we stand before you, a large and, may I say a fairly successful, class.

Our friends and the alumni deserve many thanks for their support of our various activities open to the public. We have been conscious of their interest and cooperation in all things. It has been a help to us to have had such friends as Rye Neck seems to have.

As a parting word, we cannot help but give some advice to those whom we leave behind us. We have been in your places and realize your sentiments and ideas. Let us urge you to consider all things fairly and from all sides. If you have certain theories and principles stand by them, but do not close your ears to well meant, honest criticism. Do not be reluctant to concede to the wishes of your teachers. You probably will find out in the end that they know better and that they will help you if you show willingness to cooperate with them.

As you know, the Senior Class is supposed to be an example to the other classes of the school. We do not like to be considered in that light, but since it must be so, we ask you not to take us as we are, but to search out our good qualities and disregard the less favorable ones. In this way the graduating class will be a better class each year. What better wish could we have for you and those who will come after you?

—Willard Meyer

Maybe now we're glad to leave,
Later on we may regret,
Statistics show that all do grieve,
Who've gone to school and can't forget.

CLASS NIGHT

The Class Night Program is still in embryo, but the usual features will be given in the usual original way. There will be class songs, class poems, the President's address, class will, and the past, present and prophesied future of the class. There will also be the address to the underclassmen and their responses.

Four years ago a lusty crowd of tots
Scrambled through the halls of Rye Neck
High.

They rightly numbered over sixty-five
And thought of naught but fun,
Till lo! they waked
To find their Sophomore year had just begun.

Here they worked with zeal but found they
still

Had time to fool around and slip a class.
They soon passed into joyous Junior year
And settled down to facts as wise folks do.
By that time there were only forty odd
And fully 'ware of their own high prestige.
Once more they ventured forth to lead the throng

By now they'd dwindled down to thirty-one
Their fame and skill and high import
You've witnessed in the class of "twenty-eight!"

—Mary Moore

Friends, Juniors, and so forth—lend me your ears! This is a very serious subject, and it is altogether fitting and proper that you educate yourselves as to the subject matter. We, the honorable, most beloved, highly cherished, and above all the most highly praised Senior Class (emphasis on the capital S) are requesting you with the utmost of sincerity to do this institution of learning the greatest possible honor. It is up to you, my dear Juniors, to follow in our footsteps, and see that with the greatest of care you carry on the many beneficial, highly-lauded enterprises that we have started. Of course we realize that this will be next to impossible, but Juniors, dear Juniors—as a last request, we beg you, ever on our knees in reverence to our school, only, to give up your frivolous ways and at least try to be as worthy as your sister class of "28."

—Dorothy Fitch

CLASS DICTIONARY

Actors—Milton Glatzl, Donald Stevens.
Actresses—Mary Borel, Natalie Cooper,
Ruth Gunn, Clara Wendel, Eva Wenzel,
Camille Houpert.

Artists — Margaret Benedum, Dorothy
Fitch, Frank Namezy.

Baby—Jean Tiffin.

Bluffer—Robert Montgomery.

Enigmas—Andrew Kauppi, Helen Trues-
dell.

Flappers—Marge Benedum, Ruth Gunn,
Marion Hains, Vera Leppert, Mary Moore.

Humorists—Ted Goldmann, Charles S.
Sil'eck, John Landsiedel.

Musicians—Almost all of us.

Orators—Milton Glatzl, Mary Moore, Wil-
liard Meyer, Donald Stevens.

Poets—May Coakley, Anna Curtin.

Triumvirate—Mike, Ted, Joe.

Writers — Mary Borel, May Coakley,
Hazel C. Anna F. Curtin, Dorothy Fitch,
Violette Martin. —Wenzel, Curtin, Clarke

CLASS NIGHT SONGS

(Down South)

We leave to-day,
Going away,
Out to seek success and fame.
Teachers look blue,
Juniors do too,
I guess they are sorry that we can't remain.
—but
Come on along!
Join in the song!
We'll come back it won't be long
We leave to-day, hip, hip, hooray,
We're going away to-day.

(My Souvenirs)

We'll sing a song or so
Once more before we go
We'd like to let you know
We're sorry that we're thru'.
And, tho' we look so gay,
It's our commencement day
You know what folks would say
If we looked sad and blue.
Our banner red and gold
Looks fine, so we are told
Our emblem you see here
Will guide us thru' each year
And to the Juniors—well
We bid a fond farewell,
You see we've sealed our fate
The class of '28. —Margaret Benedum

OUR BANNER

A piece of felt, a little glue,
Suspended by a nail or two.
That's all our banner means to you.
But Seniors see what all don't see:
Our banner means our victory.
From toils of school now we are free!
But we are free not just from toils,
Now, too, we're free from all school joys,
So dear to high school girls and boys.
We realize now what we will lack,
Shall we be forgotten if we come back
To visit at the "Blue and Black"?
We'll miss the bells and lectures, too—
The text books old and lessons new.
No more homework now to do!
Our old schoolmates we'll seldom see,
As life goes on—Yes, we'll be free
But I'm not sure we want to be.
It's not as joyous as it seems—
These aren't the "last days" of our dreams.
So, our banner is not only glue,
A little felt, and a nail or two—
Now, what does our banner mean to you?
—Ruth Clark

THE CLASS

When we were little Freshies years ago
We cared not much for work but liked to
play,
Except, of course, the ones so studious.
We thought how happy we would be some
day
When it was time for us to leave this school.
Throughout our second year and third one,
too,
We felt more grown up than we had before;
Perhaps we spent more time on lessons then
So that the end of fourth year high would
see
Our class including us all graduate.
The time is come, but we feel differently.
It seems much harder than we thought, to
leave,
We'll miss our teachers and our classes, too,
Yet now we're here, we know we cannot stay
We have to go and leave the place for which
A tender feeling lies within us now.

Jean Tiffin

These last days at Rye Neck High
Seem to be passing quickly by.
There is so much for us to do
It seems that we will ne'er be thru'
Reviewing Johnson, Milton, Burke
All of which is difficult work.

Margaret Benedum

THESE LAST DAYS

When one reaches the point of graduation and encounters with startling abruptness the significant fact that by far the most important period in his life is ended, it is small wonder that the end of the high school course is looked upon with mixed feelings of joy and sorrow by all those about to go into the world.

To those who have grasped the true significance of their change, who have taken advantage of it and made good, it seems strange to think that school, the never ending, is really about to be finished. It is sad that companionships and associations, made in an atmosphere never created elsewhere, which have been pleasant and joyful, shall in most cases, be broken.

To those who have not had the foresight or sense to profit and make hay while the sun shines, the graduation from school is greeted as an escape from years of drudgery and toil, which shall as time goes on, change, in the memory to years of joy and happiness, never again to be secured in such full measure.

—Donald Stevens

THE FRESHMEN

Of all the pesky infants
The Freshmen "take the cake."
They wreck our reputation
And only trouble make.
They all are noisy little tots
And give the school a pain
I wish they'd learn to have some sense
For really they are vain.
They waste each study period
And send their notes around
But when a teacher takes a peak
These "freshies" make no sound.
When all the rest would study
These babies cause a row.
They spoil our dispositions
Oh dear, they're dumb, and how!

—Anna F. Curtin

Mike—I'll be glad when I get to heaven
and get away from all this static!

Frank—You won't be any better off, old
pal, don't we sing about

"Many a harp's ec-static sound"?

THESE LAST DAYS

Yes, we have approached the inevitable end of our school work but it is with sadness in our hearts that we say good-bye to dear old Rye Neck. Some, however, may take exception to that statement but if they forget the few instances that they had to stay after school, and revert to the greater number of good times they enjoyed, they too will agree with me.

The fact that school is soon to close was brought closer to the attention of the chemistry pupils only the other day, when we were told to go into the "lab" and clean up all the apparatus. It was while we were thus engaged that someone said, "Just think, this is the last time we shall use these things!"

The last of our school days means more to some of us than to others for there are some who have been class-mates ever since the first grade. We have plodded along through the years together never losing sight of our determined goal.

Now that we are about to leave our school books behind we should take time to remind the Juniors that what has been done others can do, and therefore, we want to see every Junior in the commencement exercises next year.

—Charles Silleck

THESE LAST DAYS

Once more our thoughts turn to vacation. A few more days of work for us to look forward to. But these few days are very precious and not burdensome. They are the last days that we shall be found together, joined in a common class with a united interest. After these last days we separate, never to return as a class under the guidance of the good old Blue and Black. That is why these last days will ever be a sincere and lasting recollection of our associates. As we go, we pass on to the underclassmen that torch of sincerity, that will bind them to Rye Neck forever, and to make their last days as beautiful and as precious as ours have been.

—Natalie R. Cooper

Speech is the mirror of the soul; as a man speaks, so is he.

Fortune is not on the side of the faint-hearted.

—Sophocles

"PERSONALITIES"

John L.	Amiable
Charles S.	Bashful
Eva W.	Brilliant
Hazel C.	Charming
Ted. G.	Cheerful
Camille	Cultured
Mary M.	Cynical
Natalie	Determined
Mike A.	Diplomatic
Ruth G.	Forward
Helen M.	Flighty
Willard	Good-natured
Frank	Happy-go-lucky
Andrew	Meditative
Robert M.	Mischievous
Donald S.	Obliging
Milton G.	Optimistic
Dot F.	Popular
Anna C.	Pessimistic
Ruth C.	Retiring
Jeanette	Sincere
Joe C.	Sophisticated
Mary B.	Sweet
Jean T.	Sedate
Marge B.	Ultra-modern
Helen T.	Unsophisticated

—Marion Hains

THE JUNIORS ENTERTAIN THE SENIORS

The St. Patrick's Day party was a "red-letter-day" affair. This is the unanimous opinion of the Seniors, who were the guests of the Juniors. The evening was devoted to games and dancing, which everyone enjoyed, and later, prizes were awarded to Eva Wenzel, Ruth Gunn and John Lansiedel, while Marion Hare and David Cuyler received prizes for dancing. The gym was very attractively decorated for the occasion, showing that the Juniors are artistic as well as hospitable.

The Seniors take this opportunity for thanking the Junior Class for the delightful time.

—Jean Tiffin

At an election held on February the twentieth, the following officers of the Senior Class were elected:

President	Willard Meyer
Vice President	Hazel Coakley
Treasurer	Theodore Goldman
Secretary	Eva Wenzel

FAREWELL

Farewell, our dearest friend of former days,
Thy sons and daughters bid thee fond
adieu,
For we must face "The parting of the Ways,"
Yet memories will linger on of you.
Another year has swiftly passed along
With pleasures, tasks and duties on its way,
Our hearts will ever fill with happy song
For Alma Mater, friend of yesterday.
Oh! may thy lofty standards honored be
By those who spend each day's most pleasant hours
And glean from labor joys the same as we
Within thy mighty portals, Wisdom's bowers.
A future brighter far may each one face,
Through Wisdom's powers we have all obtained,
And may the world be made a fairer place
From wisest use of all this knowledge gained.
And so, farewell to all we leave behind,
May fortune favor you with some kind fate
But search fore'er and thou will never find
A class that equals that of twenty-eight.
—Anna Curtin.

We are the class of '28
Of dear old Rye Neck High
A finer class could not be found
As years go rolling by.
We're sorry and we're also sad
Because we're leaving you
But then again we're really glad
To think that we are "Through".
Our high school days are in the past
And now our work begins
For fame, career and fortune, too
We hope that each one wins!

—Margaret Benedum

The proposition is unknown. Not learned through the endless and intricate operation of originals. It is plain geometry sought in its natural position (with the cover closed) and ordinary haunts (any place but where it should be) in a spirit purely indifferent. I propose to prove to you by drawing a few lines, spoiling a perfectly clean blackboard, and reciting Chinese that Euclid is just another "book nobody knows."

Jeanette Robinson

SENIOR PLAYS

"THE DEAR DEPARTED"

A comedy in one act

By Stanley Houghton

Characters

Mrs. Slater Anna F. Curtin

Mrs. Jordan Mary Moore

Sisters

Henry Slater Charles Silleck

Ben Jordan John Lansiedel

Their husbands

Victoria Slater Dorothy Fitch

Abel Merryweather Theodore Goldmann

(By permission of Samuel French)

"ROCKING CHAIR ROW"

A comedy in one act

By Elizabeth M. Stevens

Characters

Mrs. Sweet Mary F. Bozel

Mrs. Prettyman Eva. M. Wenzel

Mrs. Hazard Natalie R. Cooper

Mrs. Hazard Natalie R. Cooper

Leading exponents of some first families

Ida Belle Edwards Helen Malinowski

Representing the "Town Scream"

Marie L'Estrange, ... Camille A. Houpert

Author

Felice, her maid Ruth H. Clarke

(By permission of Walter Baker Co.)

"PEARLS"

A comedy of youth

By Dan Totheroh

Characters

Peggy Lewis Hazel Coakley

Polly Lewis May Coakley

Sisters

Tad Lewis, their brother Donald Stevens

Brown, the stranger Michael Auleta

(By permission of the author)

"THE FLORIST SHOP"

A play in one act

By Winifred Hawkrige

Characters

Maude, the bookkeeper Clara Wendel

Henry, an office boy Frank Namezy

Slovsky, the proprietor Milton Glatzl

Miss Wells, a spinster Ruth Gunn

Mr. Jackson, a batchelor Willard Meyer

(By permission of Walter Baker Co.)

Such A Headache

Commercial Arithmetic Teacher: Please let me explain this to you.

Adelaide: Tell me not in mournful numbers—my head is but an empty dream.

—Dorothy Fitch

"SCRAPS FROM SENIOR PLAYS"

OR

"PLAYING AROUND WITH THE SENIORS"

Michael—"Evidently the dance was over before 6 o'clock."

Ted G.—"And thirdly, I have to go to St. Philip's church and get married."

Milton—"When orchids are two dollars apiece?"

John L.—"Now, now, Amelia, you musn't give way."

Donald—"Is this a dagger which I see before me?"

Charles—"Despised and forgotten by some you may be."

But the spot that contains you is sacred to me."

Willard—"I'll give him what's what."

Frank—"A dozen? Haw-a piece!"

Eva—"She said it was you!"

Natalie—"All the perfumes of Arabia cannot sweeten this little hand."

Camille—"Oh, she is so young to be a queen."

Ruth C.—"How you say it? Sub-Subscribers?"

Hazel—"Not much I ain't!"

Mary M.—"All artistic things are second hand."

Cala—"The party did not want his name 'di-vulged.'"

Ruth G.—"After fifteen years, this is so sudden."

Dorothy—"Grandpa's getting up!"

Anna C.—"Mind the wall Henry."

May C.—"They're burning my hands."

Mary B.—"As my poor dear Hennery used to say."

—Dorothy Fitch

THESE LAST DAYS

These last days are filled with preparation and plans for commencement. Only in our few leisure moments we have time to think that we are leaving Rye Neck never to return again as students. Leaving the study halls and class rooms, leaving the athletic activities, never to take part in them again! The fact is depressing but true. Therefore we must make the best of our numbered days in Rye Neck and throw ourselves into our work with zeal.

—Jeanette Robinson

AFTER THE LAST CURTAIN

"Best thing the school has done. Donald Stevens in his part in 'Pearls' even surpassed his other performances, didn't he?"

"Clara Wendel should be complimented on the ease and sureness she showed in playing her part."

"I think that 'Pearls' was the most natural and realistic little play that I have seen."

"Each play had actors and actresses who fitted their parts. Who selected them?"

"It's a funny thing, but I never knew there were so many actors and actresses in Rye Neck. They did remarkably well in shifting the settings so quickly."

"'The Dear Departed!' John Landsiedel was the best one in the cast."

"'Rocking Chair Row'—That play was original, wasn't it, and it was funny too."

"'Pearls'—Hazel and May Coakley and Donald Stevens crowned the program."

"'The Florist Shop'—The play was rather long, altho the plot was good. The people did well with their parts."

"Wonder why they don't have a bigger stage."

"Wasn't the old Grandfather good?"

"Who was that girl in 'The Florist Shop'?"

"They have quite an orchestra, haven't they?"

"An excellent bill."

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

There has been so much said complimenting the presentation of the Senior plays on June 1, that it seems appropriate to say a little concerning the activities "behind the scenes."

Donald Stevens, Rye Neck's most illustrious actor, did much more besides acting in "Pearls." He selected the plays and also assigned the parts to the various followers of Thespis who are found among the Seniors. Judging by the comments heard, he must have extraordinary insight into the characters of the Seniors, and as to what role is suitable for each.

Frank Namezy was also leading a double life. Although a much-praised actor in "The Florist Shop," he was general stage manager for the plays. (This usually means doing all the dirty work.) The very attractive advertisements for the plays which were posted in the school and around town, were also the results of Frank's efforts. What would the Senior class ever do without Frank?

The business manager of the plays was Joseph Carroll. He had charge of the programs and tickets for the plays. He also took care of the receipts, which were not to be disregarded by any means.

—Andrew Kauppi

THE SENIORS STAGE MACBETH

It seems that everybody has the idea that the ability of a high school pupil is not practical. It took several members of our class to disprove this idea Friday afternoon, March 23, when they gave their conception of a few scenes from Shakespeare's "Macbeth."

The compiling, selection of characters, and coaching were all accomplished by Donald Stevens; and his portrayal of the part of Macbeth was very well done. Natalie Cooper played the part of Lady Macbeth, and surely no one could have done it better, or with more snap. Milton Glatzl, as Banquo, with stately air certainly would have pleased Mr. Shakespeare himself.

A most interesting part was the witches' scene. With powdered hair and beards and shrill voices, Mary Moore, May Coakley, and Jeanette Robinson scarcely were recognized.

The management of the stage was left to Willard Meyer, and the flashing of a dagger on the curtains by the magic lantern managed by Andrew Kauppi was very effective.

The actors were complimented on all sides for their work.

—Dorothy Fitch

RAIN

I looked from out the window, saw the rain
And thought how dreary rainy days could be.
One, gazing through the streaked glass can
see

But dampness, hears but water on the pane.
The rain drips down, and people scurry by
As if they had a fear of rain, and hurry
To go home and by a fire merry
Warm themselves, so glad to be inside.
But there are some that like the rain and
think

It greatest joy to walk and feel the soft
Caress of gentle raindrops from aloft
That feel so kind and soothing to the skin.
And so, what one thinks greatest sorrow is,
Another wishes would be always his.

—Andrew Kauppi

INVENTIONS

Have you ever stopped to think of the inventions that make possible your comfort and luxury? Most of us never realize the hardships that our forefathers must have undergone for we have always been accustomed to a life made more pleasant by inventions.

Because of their ability to do work quickly and accurately, machines have been everywhere taking the place of many men and women, thus offering them the opportunity to better themselves by seeking higher positions.

Ever since the invention of the steam engine by James Watt human efficiency has developed very noticeably, due to the development of our manufacturing and commerce. The steamboat has caused foreign markets to spring up and the steam locomotive has made possible rapid inland transportation.

The steam engine was not to be the king of power for long, however, as the discovery and development of electrical power was soon to supplant it in many cases. Because of their cheapness and cleanness of operation, electric motors have won high favor. They are finding their place even on the new ocean liners since the Deisel motor has been developed to generate the power required. Electric motors are replacing their steam rivals in the ocean liners mostly because of the difference in the efficient value between them; that is, the electric-motor is about seventy-five percent efficient while the steam is only six or ten percent.

Steam and even electricity may yet be made to take a back seat, for another invention of recent date may revolutionize the commercial world. That invention is the fuelless motor.

This motor derives its power from the currents that exist about the earth itself. It seems impossible for a motor without an apparent source of power to run, but it must have seemed just as impracticable to our forefathers when James Watt declared that he could turn steam into power.

There are other important inventions that do not center about power, among which are radio and as an outcome of that, television. If we should invite our ancestors to listen in on a program being given in London, England, they would immediately suspect a joke

of some kind to be played upon them. However, it is now a fact that we can talk to people in Europe and also see those to whom we speak.

It seems that there has been more progress made in the scientific world in recent years than there has been for some time past. Experts of many electrical companies such as the General Electric Company have come into the lime-light through their inventions. Just recently some apparatus was developed that would transmit light, heat and power without the use of electric wires. At the demonstration of this remarkable appliance, eggs were cooked without any apparent source of heat, and electric light was lit without wires and a copper bar blistered the hand of the person who touched it, yet it was apparently cold.

It seems that those who have developed most of the greater inventions have been Americans. Having obtained such a reputation we must see that this prestige is not captured by some other country. Europeans have been handicapped due to the result of the war, but now they are forging ahead by leaps and bounds. Germany, more rapidly than any other European nation, is finding her place in the sun due to concentration in reconstruction.

We should, therefore, support every effort made by our fellow countrymen to retain our prestige and our part in affairs as a world power.

—Charles Silleck

OUR ENGLISH CLASS

Our English class is very small and yet
We think it is a most delightful one,
And all agree the teaching of Miss Dunn
Does interest as students should expect.
She says that Fourth Year English is a hash
Of many things including Milton, Burke,
Argumentation, Shakespeare—O such work!
With these and others we must not be rash.
In oral English we are told there's not
A chance that we'll be Daniel Webster, so
Because our feelings aren't hurt a bit
We'll aim toward what we really like and
know.

But Byron, Shelley, Keats, we've also had
And we're surprised because they're not so
bad.

—Jean Tiffin

THE MEASURE OF SUCCESS

Money is a great factor in this world. We all admit it. But it requires more than that to make one successful in this country. Now, it appears that when one attains a certain position and receives for his services a large amount of money, and advances rapidly because of it, almost everyone says, "He is a success!" Truly, is this the measure of success? It should not be.

The dictionary defines success as the prosperous termination of any enterprise. But no success is really analyzed by the amount that one accomplishes in a life time. Poverty is not a hinderance to genuine success. Some of the bravest, finest and truest patriots and citizens were poor; but although they were poor, when their feet rested upon the first step in the ladder of ambition as they ascended to the topmost step their success far overwhelmed their needs. This is seen in the case of Henry Ford who is to-day one of America's leading citizens. When he started his inventions with \$2,000, he asked his wife whether she wished a new home or the success of his invention. She readily replied that his invention should go on. To-day do we consider Mr. Ford a success because of his millions or because of his automobiles? It is the vehicle that bears his name.

Success is secured not only in large cities but is found everywhere, if one is really seeking it. There are farmers in the western half of our states who have never visited the largest cities of the world, but still these industrious men have made themselves successful. They remained at home, cultivated their crops and exhibited their greatest energy for success. Surely these men should be termed successful. Does not our very existence depend upon them?

Why did Abraham Lincoln become a successful lawyer and president of the United States? How did he guide this nation through such a terrible conflict? Certainly, there is no one who can possibly say that it was his wealth that placed him in these positions. Abe's iron will and honest determination to make himself amount to something was the reason.

There was at one time in the history of our country a struggling young man, doing his utmost to place the finances of a new country upon a sound basis. The American Revolu-

tion left us peace, freedom and debt. The freedom and peace everyone enjoyed, but the debt was discouraging. At once Alexander Hamilton determined to provide a source of revenue and to establish credit for our government. As Daniel Webster said many years later of Hamilton, "He smote the rock of the national resources and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth," and then Webster added, "He touched the dead corpse of the public credit and it sprang upon its feet."

Hamilton labored many days on his plans without success, but finally he proposed an excise tax on liquors and a tariff levied on all imported goods. This provided revenue. The assumption of state debts joined the states together, and lastly Mr. Hamilton founded the United States Bank. This placed us on a firm basis with other nations. Yet, Alexander Hamilton could not possibly have accomplished this except for the implicit faith and confidence that the young government placed in the brilliant statesman. His success was due mainly to his perseverance.

But everyone can be successful. Education is not a required factor but it helps. The best way to be successful is to be the best of whatever you are. So now, the only manner in which we consider anyone successful is to have him pass this test. Does he measure up to 100 per cent. citizenship? Is he loyal to his country, family, faith and work? Does he do his best? That is the most important question in the whole test. Now, we conclude that the man, who does his best regardless of whether he is a farmer, statesman, president or millionaire is a successful man, for Heaven helps those who help themselves.

—Natalie Cooper

HEARD IN A "RETORT"

Teacher: What does "Sb" stand for?

Milton: Antimony.

Teacher: Fine, what does "Al" stand for?

Milton: (grinning) Alimony.

French teacher—Clara, you'll have to be more careful of the way you write your French.

Clara: (Very Indignant)—I may not speak French very well, but I write without an accent.

—Dorothy Fitch

A WINTER NIGHT

Who would not care to stroll with me

Some brilliant winter night,

With moon and stars for company?

What pleasure and delight!

The moon we'd see in splendid state,

And watch him journey far,

The master of that heavenly sphere

And guardian of each star.

The bitter wind could chill us not,

Nor lead our thoughts astray,

Few earthly sights can equal this—

For Beauty here holds sway.

—Anna F. Curtin

SPORTS

During the five years that Coach Darling has been in Rye Neck he has had a splendid record. Of the three sports, basketball was his best because he did not have sufficient material for football or baseball. He made this year's basketball team one of the best which he ever produced. The team won half of the games and would have won many others only for the loss of their Captain.

The lineup is as follows:

Auleta, Forward

Furuya, Forward

Carroll, Guard, Captain

Nichols, Guard

Hare, Center

Substitutes:

Perriconi, Gunn, Spuehler, Lawrence.

We won our first baseball game from Harrison by the score of seven to six. This game had much significance, for it was the first game any team ever played under Coach Sherwood's supervision. It was also the first victory for Rye Neck in two years.

Waverly was the next victim of Rye Neck's attack, losing by the score of eleven to ten. Spuehler and Furuya each obtained two extra base hits in this game.

After getting off to such a good start, Rye Neck lost three games, being defeated by Rye, Scarsdale, and Brunswick. We had a four run lead in the first three innings but lost out because of many costly errors.

The return game with Rye, was won by Rye Neck on Tuesday, May 29th at the Y. M. C. A. athletic field. This was one of the best games they ever played because there were few errors made. John Campbell made a two base hit in this game with three on base. The score ended in Rye Neck's favor eleven to six.

Much credit must be given to Coach Sherwood for making a winning team. It ended the season with a percentage of five-hundred, winning three and losing three. This percentage has not been exceeded for many years past.

The lineup is as follows:

Gunn P.

Furuya C. Captain

Nichols 1b

Harriot 2b S. S.

Landsiedel 2b S. S.

Spuehler 3b

Campbell C. F.

Lawrence R. F.

Ortiz L. F.

Subs.

Ockerhausen

La Jolla

A track meet was held for the boys of Rye Neck on Monday, June fourth. There were many contestants who entered this event. Those boys who took part and won a place were as follows:

Dash

126 lb.—1st Nichols

2nd Furuya

115-125—1st Ferrari

2nd Montgomery

101---'—1st A. Smith

2nd Farino

90-100—1st De Klyn

2nd Armstrong

Discus

126 lb.—1st Ranklin

2nd Hare

101-115—1st A. Smith

90-100—1st H. Moore

2nd Houpert

Shot Put

126 lb.—1st Lanza

2nd O'Neil

115-125—1st Lapolla

101-115—1st Suellan

2nd Scherer

90-100—1st H. Moore

2nd Mayer

High Jump

126 lb.—1st Hare

2nd Lanza

115-125—1st Montgomery

2nd Harris

101-115—1st E. Wood

2nd Farina

90-100—1st Houpert
 90—1st Hull
 2nd Armstrong
 2nd Kellington

Running Broad Jump

126 lb.—1st Nichols
 2nd Furupa
 115-125—1st Ferrari
 2nd Lapolla
 101-115—1st De Klyn
 2nd R. Vitro

—John Landsiedel

Mary: Why did Sulphide?

Ted: Because Sulphate so much dinner.

GIRLS ATHLETIC NOTES

Nineteen twenty-eight has proved an excellent year in sports for the girls of Rye Neck High. A great many more girls took an interest in athletics this term.

The basket ball season ended very favorably. The varsity won 3 games out of 6 played, and the second team 4 out of 6. For their good work and sportsmanship the Athletic Association will give to each girl of the varsity a silver basketball. To the second team will be given numerals.

Line lineup:

Varsity

Ruth Gunn, Capt., Forward
 Clara Wendel, Forward
 Marion Hains, Forward
 Marion Hare, Center
 Dorothy Halsey, Side Center
 Rose Pokorney, Guard
 Dorothy Miltner, Guard
 Vera Leppert, Guard

Second Team

Ruth Robinson, Capt., Forward
 Mae McGill, Forward
 Elizabeth Gale, Forward
 Doris Offerman, Center
 Jeanette Robinson, Center
 Gertrude Guthrie, Side Center
 Adelaide Wrede, Guard
 Selma Erickson, Guard
 Betty Lawrence, Guard

Our tennis tournament turned out a great success. To each one of the winners; Katherine Strayer, Doris Offerman, and Clara Wendel will be given a large "T."

Last but not least of our athletic activities for this year was the field meet. The girls were intensely interested in it. Medals will be given to the victors:

Rose Pokorney—Silver medal
 Carmela Pinto—Silver medal
 Katherine Strayer—Bronze medal
 Selma Erickson—Bronze medal

Ribbons will be presented to the girls who came in 2nd, 3rd and 4th in the events.

In addition to these sports, next year the girls are planning to take up hockey.

—Clara Wendel

FLASHES ALONG BROADWAY

The Man Who Laughs Ted Goldman
 Our Betters Absolutely no one
 Rain or Shine Afternoon sessions
 Whispering Friends Senior Girls
 Greenwich Village Follies.. Girls' Gym Class
 The Silent House Always, our building
 The Outsider Freshman
 Excess Baggage Text books
 The High Hatters Juniors
 Good News Graduation
 Coquette Vera Leppert
 The Royal Family Class Officers
 The Smart Set Rye Neck Students
 The Three Musketeers .. Ted, Joe and Mike
 Take the Air Boys' Chorus
 Flying Romeos Charlie and Willard
 Strange Interlude 20-minute period
 Here's How Teachers
 Countess Maritza Camille
 The Constant Wife .. Natalie in "Macheth"
 The Squall Regents
 Strange Interlude Andrew Kauppi
 The Royal Family Our faculty
 Connecticut Yankee Frank Namezy
 Show Boat "Marge"
 Marco's Millions Junior Treasury
 Good News Another Bridge
 Rio Rita Girls' Chorus
 Over the Wire Hazel & ????????
 Manhattan Mary Mary Borel
 The Great Undertaking Charlie Silleck
 Dracula Donald Stevens
 Golden Dawn June 28
 The Silent Woman Jeanette
 Five O'clock Girl Dot Fitch
 Oh Kay Senior Class
 Cyclone Lover Willard Meyer
 Fair Co-Ed Marion Hains
 Sporting Goods Clara
 Sophomore Chaser.. Charles
 —Fitch-Moore-Tiffen

English teacher—Donald, can you parse?
 Donald—Anything on the road!

— Fitch

SUCCESS

The manner in which a man spends his leisure moments may terminate in his success. The enjoyment of good literature is always beneficial; and though many people read for enjoyment, they are constantly absorbing knowledge with it. If a person's leisure time is spent in gaiety, such as Broadway life, much advantage can be obtained, so long as this gaiety is practiced in moderation. Study can always be found beneficial, but a life of pleasure-seeking may assume harmful proportions if the person does not know where to stop.

The value of Education in a man's life is great. For one thing it develops brains. It brings him in contact with world-wide affairs, and furnishes an incentive for work, for it is in work, and not in thinking of finding constant pleasures that we can have happiness. Get your happiness out of your work, or you will never know that work may be a pleasure. Many of the most successful men this world has produced reached their goal without the aid of a good education. Their argument was, and is, a business experience; but these men are exceptions to the rule. Generally, a good education helps one immeasurably as a preliminary step towards the goal of success.

When business experience can be backed up by knowledge obtained from a good education, the fortunate person that possesses it is sure to realize his ambition. Experience in business gives one a taste of the good and evil in the world and the realization that the full measure of success can be gained only by good hard, earnest work. The young man's resolutions are spurred onward by the great successes he sees flourishing about him.

As Carlyle says, "A determined young man in poor circumstances has to make the materials with which he must work, and must make the tools also; thus he has a great advantage over the man born into wealth, who has not much incentive to make a success of himself. If his home life is miserable and not at all harmonious, he is apt to adopt that type of attitude toward all his work.

Discord can never be associated with success. Ultimate contentment comes from a source whence you employ and devote yourself to your own improvement and advancement in mind, morals understanding of things and affairs, and in efficient performance of your duties.

Youth is the most important period in a man's life. His ideals are formed when he is just approaching manhood. The man who has in him potential power and success shows his attitude by putting his heart and soul into his work. "Sowing wild oats" is not exactly necessary, but that depends to a very large extent upon the character of the person. Some people need to suffer from a mistake before they will go right. Expensive habits in youth will never make comfortable old age, for extravagance is a sieve that only leaves us the dregs of life. The ambition is at its height in the prime of a man's life, and sometimes a young lady enters into the picture and aids the young man to his success. But the drawback of this is that sometimes it is not the right kind of a girl.

Most of our greatest Americans have been born in poverty, and in nine cases out of ten this has been the firm footing with which they have reached the top of the ladder. They have shown that they possessed talent, or the fine points which prevail in men of sterling worth. Abraham Lincoln is a fitting example of a man who with shining talent overstepped the stones of disadvantage. Thomas A. Edison and Henry Ford are also outstanding examples of talent that overcame obstacles of poverty and lack of good education. When a man has been considered successful, he in most cases has amassed much wealth. This alone, however, is significant, although convenient. Is he happy? Has he been a help and an honor to his associates, his country? Has he a happy home, and domestic tranquility, love and good will in his family? After the man has seen his day; has enjoyed life and living, he maintains, educates and rears his children as useful citizens who will be a pride in his declining years. It is in the home that the future of great nations depend. Thus, when a man has taken interest in family life, and thus has raised the standards of the nation, he has come to the acme of his ambition.

Youth has the parting word; for it is youth that plays such an important part of man's career. Evil and failure are self developing; virtue and success must be developed. Therefore a well-spent youth is all important to success. Or in other words, be gay if you are so inclined, but be careful. You don't have to be careful with temperance; you can't get enough of it!—Frank Namezy

FACULTY NOTES

"Scraps" would never be complete without a word or two about our faithful teachers. Strange to say none are going abroad. Perhaps it is not the fashion this year and maybe those who have not been across want to be more patriotic and wish to see America first. At any rate most of them intend to spend their vacations at home. Mr. Bellows, however, is going to pass his summer among the hills of the Adirondacks where he lived during a part of his earlier life.

The faculty this year, is going to lose three of its beloved members.

Miss Hutchinson, who during the past six years has endeared herself to all, will leave a great gap which only she can fill. She has obtained a position in the High School at Yonkers which, incidentally is her home town. Miss McPhee of the Peekskill High School will become the new member of the faculty and will continue the work that Miss Hutchinson has so successfully carried on.

Another teacher who bids us adieu is Miss Dunn. Although she has been with us but a short time, she has made many friends among the faculty and pupils.

Mr. Darling has coached his last team for Rye Neck because he intends to study for the medical profession. We regret that he is leaving us and we wish him success in his vocation.

—Charles Silleck

SCHOOL NOTES

An interesting and original May-day program was presented before the assembly, on Tuesday, May 1, by members of the first year English class. The chairman of the performance, Henry Houpert, introduced the speakers in order. Nancy Reinke spoke first, on the origin of the name May. Then Selma Erickson and Alex Campbell told of two great men who made history during this month—Lief Erickson and Col. Lindbergh. Helen Hance told of important birthday celebrations to take place in May. Lucille Tocknell gave an original composition, and Helen Curtain an original poem. Next, James Reed talked on the subject "Birds and flowers of May." The last number on the program, a poem of James Whitcomb Riley's, rendered by Evelyn Rozofsky, was especially charming.

—May Coakley

PARENT-TEACHER NOTES

At the last meeting of the parent-Teacher Association, an interesting musical program was presented, in charge of Mrs. Hanna. There were songs by groups of children from the grades, a piano solo by Nancy Reinke, a violin solo by Harold Harriott and several selections by the orchestra.

A pleasing feature was a talk given by Mr. Colwell Conklin, the supervisor of music of the Mamaroneck school, about a musical conference which he had attended a few weeks previously at Chicago.

—Andrew Kauppi

W enzel
Moor E

A uleta
Car R roll
Clark E

R obinson
Me Y er
Houp E rt

N amezy
Coakl E y
Fit C h
Sillec K
Steven S

L eppert
Gl A tzi
Montgome R y
G unn
W E ndel
Land S iedel
T iffin

True S dell
Ben E dum
Goldman N
Kaupp I
Co O per
Bo R el

C urtin
Coakl E y
M A rtin
Hain S
Malinow S ki

—Robert Montgomery

ALUMNI NOTES

It is with interest that we watch the doings of those who have gone before us and fervently hope that we may do as well when we leave our school. Some of our graduates have gone directly into the world to seek the things that it holds for them while others have gone to seek higher knowledge.

Of the class of '24 Laura Foshay and Roberta Stewart are Physical Training Teachers. The former at Rye Day School and the latter at the Y. W. C. A. of Wilmington, Del.

Jean Drews is a graduate of the class of '28 of Mt. Holyoke College.

Earnest Eckley, Jr., is a student at Middlebury.

Muriel Gedney is a member of the graduating class of Smith College.

Evan Humphreys, Jr., is studying Civil Engineering at Cooper Union.

Mollie Humphreys is graduating with this year's class at the New York University.

Evan Thomas is a student at Amherst College.

Robert Trier, Jr. is studying hotel management.

Weyman Walker, Jr. is a student at Dartmouth College.

Bertha Wendel, Amedeo Taiano, Elizabeth Harris and Eugenie Glatzl are in business.

Many members of the class of '25 have followed their studies in various schools.

Marcelle de Deauvolers has been awarded a prize for the most original work at New York University where she is taking a course in jewelry design.

R. Depew Brewer is a student at Boston University.

Paul Dujardin is a student at Brown University.

Alice Estep is studying at the New Rochelle College.

Noami Haynes pursued her studies at Hunter College.

Elizabeth Knudson is studying at Wellesly College.

Nicholas Oreska is a student at M. S. T. Elsie Thorell has been studying at Columbia.

Robert Will is a student at Wesleyan College.

Isabelle Zimpel is studying at St. Lawrence.

Other members of the class are in the business world.

Emily Boenke is representing this class in Europe.

Irma Brennecke is now Mrs. Edward Hill.

Helen Moore is graduating from Pratt School.

Junius Bird, the illustrious member of the class of '26 is a student at Columbia when he is not exploring unknown Polar regions. Junius' latest Polar trip was taken last July when he traveled as assistant biologist to the Putman expedition

John Brewer—Boston University.

John Crawford—Dartmouth College.

Helen Eckley—Mt. Holyoke.

Edwin Grandstaff—

Frederick Koch—Middlebury.

Richard Zimpel—St. Lawrence.

Thomas Carroll, Jr., of the class of '27 has entered Notre Dame College, Indiana.

Stanley Hare is a member of the Sweeney School of Aviation at Kansas City, Kansas.

Milton Langham is studying at Cooper Union.

Helen Snively is a student at Parson's Art School in New York City. Other members of the class of '27 are in the commercial world.
—Violet Martin

JOHNNY'S PLIGHT

When Johnny did his lesson in his English for today,

He came across a little word he simply couldn't say.

'Twas written in italics consequently it was French.

Poor Johnny was excited, seated on his little bench.

When it came his turn to read it, he was in a fearful grouch,

You really cannot blame him, when he called it "Sa main gauche."

The teacher wisely shook her head, then John said,

"From the coach,"

He knew he wasn't wrong this time, "She held out sa main gauche."

Poor teacher tried to tell him, when—a light shone like a torch,

And Johnny spoke up bravely, and pronounced it "sa main gauche."

Again the teacher looked distressed and John was nearly banned,

Then just in time his buddy hissed, "She held out her left hand."

—Dorothy Fitch

"There's a long, long Trail". To graduation
 "Meditation" Andrew Kauppi
 "Yearning" For Vacation
 "I Know there is Somebody "Waiting"
 Charlie Silleck
 "Song of the Vagabonds" Boys Chorus
 "Putting on the Style" . . . Marge and Vera
 "Sweetest Story Ever Told"

"Is it a Dream?" Graduation
 "Remember" Originality
 "It All Depends on You" Regents
 "Up in the Clouds" In English 4
 "Baby Feet go Pitter Patter 'cross the
 Floor" Freshmen
 "What'll we do on a Dew Dew Dewy Day?"

"Forgotten	Homework
"The Midshimpmite"	Joe Carroll
"Calm as the Night"	Jean Tiffen
"Farewell to Thee"	Rye Neck
"Hark, I hear a Voice"	Robert Montgomery
"Joy to the World"	John Lansiedel
"Lift Thine Eyes"	Michael Auleta
"Lovely Appear"	Senior Girls
"Lovely Night"	Commencement
"Ring, Ring the Banjo"	Glenn MacQuaker
"Style All the While"	Mary Moore
"Tangled Tunes"	Orchestra Practice
Ah! 'Tis a Dream"	Entering High School
"Still, Still With Thee"	Juniors
"A Merry Life"	Vacation
"Dearest Spot"	Rye Neck
"I Hear the Soft Note"	Orchestra Tuning
"Long, Long Ago"	Freshman Year
"Now to the Banquet We Pass"	Cafeteria
"Now the Day is Over	3:20 P. M.
"Who Tread the Path of Duty"	

"Young Hopeful" Donald Stevens
 "Awake! Awake!" Helen Truesdell
 "The Call of Duty" The Bells
 "A Night in June" Class Night
 "March of the Victors" Class of '28

Charlie: John. He went to Jersey.

The artist sat and racked his brain
For inspiration clear and new;
And he had almost gone insane
When came a vision to his view.
He saw in mist a beauteous form,
T'was clad in raiment fair and white,
And then his vision seemed to swarm;
It slowly faded from his sight.
But in his mind the figure stayed
In all its beauty and its grace.
He quickly called to him a maid
With perfect form and lovely face.
She was his model, and he bade
Her to assume this certain pose
"With speed, quick, lest the vision fade!
You'll stay that way, please, lest it goes."
So with obedience and respect
The maiden did as she was told.
Nor could he any flaw detect
In any drapery or fold.
He took his brush, started to paint,
With feverish skill attacked the work.
The model felt a little faint,
But did not wish her task to shirk.
An hour passed, one, two, three, four;
She begged him for a moment's rest.
"Please hold that pose five minutes more,
This work, when done, will be my best."
Till he was thru she held the pose,
Aye, held it for five minutes more.
But when joyfully he arose
And cried, "It's done!" fell to the floor.
He quickly ran to where she lay,
Where she lay white and still and cold,
He spoke; no answer yea or nay,
For her whole story had been told.
Yes she was lifeless, she was dead.
The blood lay cold in her still heart.
The artist shook his dazed head,
Her life was given for his art.
"But art is to interpret life,
To help the world along its way,
To strengthen hearts, to lessen strife,
To brighten up the dreary day.
"It is to brighten not to blight;
For art is not the night, but dawn.
This thing is evil in my sight
For which a maiden's life is gone!"
He looked at his great work once more,
And knew that it was of the best;
But with his hands the canvas tore
To strips, and set his mind at rest.

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